

Troubadoura

by

Michele Kaplan



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EBIP

HMS Press:

**Electronic Books In Print / Books On Disk
& Canadian Poetry Association
London Ontario Chapter**

literarynewscpa@yahoo.ca

ISBN 1-895700-33-7

Troubadoura

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CANADIAN CATALOGUING IN PUBLICATION DATA

Kaplan, Michelle

Troubadoura [computer file]

Poems.

ISBN 1-895700-33-7

I. Title.

PS3561.A625T76 1995 811'.54 C95-900613-3

Troubadoura is a chronological collection of poetry starting in my first year of high school (1990) to the first year of college. (1994)

I'd like to thank anyone in my life, present or past, who inspired me, for better or for worse. Think, it could be you...you never knows Besides, who knows what deep and cryptic thoughts lurk inside the mind of a poet. Woo Ha ha ha ha ha! :)

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WHERE IS ROMANCE?

Where's chivalry? Where's old romance?
Where's the sweeping off the feet?
Perhaps I'm a hopeless romantic
when I dream of a man I'd like to meet

Do men really exist?
Where is cupid, the love vender?
Is there a man of great life
of true wonder and vast splendor?

Where's a man with great insides
not necessarily with great physique?
After all a man with only bulging muscles to offer
is hardly hot and sleek

Where's my ever lasting soul mate?
whom I could share my most inner thoughts
and when I get lost exploring the cave of life
will save me at any cost

I must wonder sometimes if romance exists?
I have yet to be swept off my feet
Show me a single heart that is strong
amongst hearts that are weak?

DUSTY LAMPS, LIGHT MY WAY

In the midst of darkness
in the middle of the night
I can reach out to you
and there is light

You are like innocence
glowing so bright
glowing steady and strong
a reliable sight

You are there when i need you
when I'm smothered with fear
You hold me close
and you hold me near

You are there
when I'm overwhelmed with anger and rage
you listen to me
and then help me turn the page

and whether I am euphoric
or cry out in despair
whether I am inspired or frustrated
you are there

I've never taken time to thank you
to thank a lamp, what does one say?
I can only watch you glow so brilliantly
Dusty lamp, light my way!

THE BOTTOM CUP REBELLION

the bottom cup rebellion
is hanging over my head
porcelain firing back and forth
so many will be dead

It;s the bottom cup rebellion
stability wobbles like a ball
someone has to give
or the cups will tip and fall

For it;s the bottom cup rebellion
the bottom cups are fed up
Holding everything on their shoulders
these days it;s hard for a bottom cup

It;s the bottom cup rebellion
the cups have taken a fall
the cups would not compromise
now there's no cups at all

POETIC RAGE

I am bored or
maybe just lazy
too much time on ones hands
can make one go crazy

I just sit
as poems come to my head
I wish they would stop
I would like to go to bed!

But no! The verses
keep coming with out end
I am so very tired
but on goes my furious pen

Yet through my tiredness
my poems keep spilling out
out of my mind, onto paper
and out of my mouth

And just as I turn away
to stare at my tired self in the mirror
as I start to stand up
a poem becomes clearer

The Lines! The Rhyme Scheme!
How they form so quick
I fear that I shall never stop
as the clock continues to tick

My thoughts move faster
like an hourglass sifts sand
the words are jumbled for
my mind moves far faster then my hand

I write more and more
filling page after page
Shall I forever suffer
from Poetic Rage?

THE BATTLE

Black cat strikes
thy red lands bleeds
tis drips in droplets
upon the dough which needs

thy sky turns red
tis day turns to night
thy moon explodes
a blinding sight

teardrops of sand!
Ride down the leather face
close thy mind
leave no trace

Tis blades of flesh
sway in the wind
The vulture cries out
"did we lose or win?"

LIFE'S CALLING

I am me
you are you
we are we
nothing new

Come together
fall apart
in any weather
in our heart

Feel the sun
feel the rain
have some fun
have some pain

Live your life
live your death
without strife
your last breath

Live to love
die to hate
clouds above
don't be late

Fake a smile
show a tear
run a mile
from your fears

Look behind
look ahead
die kind
or just be dead

call me out
call me in
commit a shout
commit a sin

be a mess
be neat
don't repress

take a seat

Tell no one
tell them all
life's not done
follow your call.

TIDINGS FROM THE KRAKEN

Love and Kisses
from the north sea!
I am what you call a kraken, a creature over 50 ft long
I am rather rare... have you heard of me?

Well, I am a rather eccentric species
Some say I immensely resemble a giant squid
I am a female adult now with my tentacles over 20 ft long
But I assure you, I was much smaller as a kid

And, it's true my eyes are 8 inches tall
that must be odd to you, them being translucent red
You know, I have tried several times to converse with you
humans, but this is was all you said:

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"
You know saying hello would not have been a crime
though you would think by now I'd be used to this
I mean, I get the same reaction every time

Some have said my eyes are too big
they create an image of distortion
but when you look at my body as a whole
they really are quite in proportion

and some have spread rumors about me
that I attack ships... this is not true
I merely bump into them, accidentally
when I get preoccupied in the ocean blue

I admit, the first time I saw one of your ships
I may have acted a bit like an annoying bug
But your little ships were soooooo cute!
So tiny and adorable, I just had to give it a hug

I'm probably quite over bearing to you
but let it be known I have a capacious heart
perhaps you wouldn't be frightened if you got to know me
hmmm... lets see where should I start?

Well.. I enjoy swimming
I'm a vegetarian who loves to gorge on sea-weed
I am currently studying oceanography

at the BSCU (Big Sea Creature University)

And although we will probably never meet
or never confront each other eye to eye
but if you should see me
Please, do not scream as you sail by!

Uye! All your screaming and yelling
How much do you think I can take?
Have forgotten how sounds travels
like you, Krakens get headache

Why are you so aghast
Is it written in your library's text?
That I am this cannibalistic creature
or is it a inferiority complex?

Well, I really don't have time discuss psycho-babble
I have a sea party I must attend
But I hope that you understand my point of view a little better
Remember the Kraken is your friend!

METAMORPHOSIS OF A BOMB

bombs!
bombs and...
bombs and battle
ticking louder and louder
thrown farther then eye can see
It's 'gonna blow! Look Out!
MASSIVE ANNIHILATION!
MASSIVE DISSOLUTION!
MASSIVE DETONATION!
dust and bones
dust and...
dust

TIN RIMS

The brassy tin rims of intelligence
Golden sleek optical of sight
Clearer apprehension of the world around
reflects the auspicious light

Fits the head so perfectly
Like a glove tailor made for a hand
accenting cryptic eyes
newly-found insights to understand

The ceasing of squinting
a clearer world is discovered once more
A pleasing vista of wonders
The tin rims have opened the door

THE BROWN HEADED POET

My dear fellow
the one with the simple hair
to you a rose is a mere flower
to be nude is to be simply...bare

aaaaaah...it is the brown headed poet
that knows what these symbols mean
a rose is a symbol of love
and nudity is a beautiful thing

My dear fellow
the one who follows the herd
to you a kiss is nothing
and a poem is only words

aaaaaah....it is the brown headed poet
that has learned many a lesson
knows a kiss is so very special
and a poem is a form of expression

While the brown headed poet observes
the dear fellow merely looks
which is why the dear fellow shall be reading
while the brown headed poet writes the books!

ME AND MYSELF

"One day we are friends" complained me
"next day I don't even exist!
I am a patient woman but
I can't put up with this!"

I ask for friendship, no more no less
yet some days he acts like I'm not in the room
tell me honestly, Myself
does he get a kick out of causing gloom?"

Me questioned
puzzled and confused
"Just when i think I find a nice guy
It turns out I lose!"

Myself who
is logical and smart
replied, "Don't let this lousy violinist
fiddle with your heart!"

"Does he have an insecurity complex?" questioned me
"Does he feel inferior?
so he attempts to hurt others
so he can feel superior?"

Myself sighed and exclaimed
"stay away, he' scum not a savior!"
but me replied
"But look at his peculiar behavior!"

Oh myself! Oh Myself!
how can you not wonder and say
from a psychological standpoint
what makes him act this way?"

Myself looked at Me with pity,
"Do not give him the time of day
who care how he behaves
is he's gonna treat you this way!"

Why not follow the flowers
the meadows, the waters, the sun kiss

Why must you follow the demons
the pain, the torture, and the snake's hiss?"

Me thought for a bit and cried out,
"I would love to do that, to lighten my load
but what you don't understand, myself
I can not find that road!

I have travelled many a day
I have crawled many a night
to find that road of purity and respect
with all my might

But each time I come close to the road
I feel rejections's shove!"
So Myself replied
"Me, that is not the path I speak of!

The path I speak of
you feel little rejection at all
In fact, you shall have respect
there you can stand tall!

There you shall be courted
not by scum but a god-like savior
in which you won;t have to put up
with his horrid behavior!

There you shall meet with intelligence
Edgar Allen Poe, Albert Einstein's mentors!
Me smiled for a moment and replied
"what if they don't let me enter!

I'm sure they do not allow just anyone
Into this garden full of pleasure and content
this would only cause thoughts so morose
depression, melancholy, and repent

Besides I am not always cheerful
and sadness, I'm sure they do not allow
I'm very sensitive and moody
I think I'm better where I am now!"

Myself huffed in fury
"How great is this place, you live! What allure?
why do you stay in this dungeon?
For heaven sakes! you deserve more!"

Me looked up bashfully
with a happy tear in me's eye
Revelations exploding open in Me's mind
causing me to reply
"Do you mean it, myself
Do you really speak the truth?"
Myself laughed, "I've been trying to explain it
to you my dear since our earliest youth"
Me's morose and somber days
were filled with joy and laughter
and Myself and Me
lived happily ever after.

DIVERSIONS OF THE MIND

You can not see me
But I see you
when you
sleep
eat
cry
and do what you do

I see you in the shower, but you'll never see me nude
Do you find me offensive?
Do you feel vulnerable?
Do you find me rude?

what would you do if I told you
I love you
I hate you
I envy you
But I do not like you

Tell me
are you enjoying this
do you hear the snake's hiss
Is this on your list?
Would you give the snake a kiss?
Is this what you miss? His hiss or his kiss?
Are you missing this?

Do I scare you?
You scare me!
you love me
you hate me
you envy me
you want to be just like me
sipping tea
throwing peas
fondling keys
killing bees
on a trapeze
juggling cheese
saying please
on your knees
eating chinese
with such ease

pay the fees
are you a tease?
I am what I am what I am is not you
Wait a bit and sit
then admit
the truth

Who am I?
what am I?
Aaah...it is rather who and what I am!
You are the lamb
I, a wolf worth the least
or perhaps I am the beauty
and you my dear are the beast

I suppose we both could be the beauty
but then where's the adversary?
the conflict?
got a cigarette, is it lit?
thank you
you are very kind folk
but my dear, I never said I smoke

Put that out!
do you always do what your told?
aren't you a little old
to be doing what your told?

So much wasted time
such a wasted mind

Passing seconds
wasted minutes
Got a cigarette, is it lit?
I didn't say that I smoked
But I never said I didn't!

Can you read between
the lines...on your face
no really, the lines
I am friend, a foe
at the same time

Do you find me tiresome, irritating
confusing, abusing, using and lame?
if this is so, then why don't you leave
this derogatory mind game

or my dear
perhaps like a hot dog
you relish it!

THE PRODIGY CHILD QUESTIONED

The child so innocent
with book in hand
asked me these words
she did not understand

What is authenticity
Corporeality
Tangibility
reality?

The cold hard truth, I said
the straight emotionless facts
the person and things behind the mask
the natural self with out an act

What is an act?
a masquerade, a performance, a show
How can you decipher acts from reality
How can you know...

What is to know?
To comprehend, fathom, to be keen
To know is to know
is to know what I mean!

What is mean?
Paltry, Unscrupulous, immoral to an extreme degree
unethical, corrupt
something you should try not to be

What is to be?
to arise, to endure, to exist, to imply
It's something you do and do and do
and do until you die!

Lastly what is to die?
to subside, to perish from humanity
to pass away, to expire
it's a new beginning as well as an end, it's reality

The young child so inquisitive
has many more things to say
her curiosity brought us closer

till the end of the day

THE CLOCK

I sit and I scrutinize
the snail pace clock
querulous, testy, restless
I hear it tick tock

I attentively stare
as it silently strikes the new hour
monotonous, I ponder upon time past
So sweet! So sour!

Time shall never stand still
it is I that shall not migrate
that throws me out of sync
with time's prosperous fate

LOVE (FOR LACK OF A BETTER WORD)

I was first
turned off by his
lack of years
neon green rubber bands
on his metallic braces

But as I got to
know him
for his sweet considerate
charming nature
and warm secure embrace

I learned that age
has no bearing on
Love? (for lack of a better word)
and a little green
can be a nice splash
of color

THE WALRUS AND I

"Hello!" exclaimed the Walrus
"Isn't it just a lovely day?"
and as I stared at the stormy gray sky
I wasn't sure what to say

I looked at him oddly
But then it came to me and I knew
why he found gray skies so lovely
He was grey too!

"Actually," I said, "I prefer sunny places
over gray and gloomy towns
Besides sunshine makes me happy
but gray days bring me down"

"I can see why you favor sunny days!"
he exclaimed as he stood by my side
"you like the warmth of the sun
because you have the warmth inside!"

We walked through the gray skies
though this time there was little gloomy tone
I surmise gray skies aren't so bad after all
if you are not alone

He accompanied me through the gray days
and I helped him through sunny skies
that is the story of two friends
The Story of the Walrus and I

PRESENTING THE ON GOING STRUGGLE
THAT ETERNALLY ENDURES IN THE

THE JANITOR'S CLOSET: A POETIC EPIC
"I AM MORE THEN A DOOR!"

Open! Close! Open! Close!
Why do I have so much anger?!?!
It is because those shiny hinges leach on to me
like a wet clothes on a hanger

Yes, and that my wood is dusty
My little window has dirty glass
and that opening and closing is my only job
This is a very tedious task!

People always call me a barrier
it makes me utterly sick
But it's my neighbor that really angers me
that cute little bottom brick
"LITTLE BOTTOM BRICK"

I am the little bottom brick
carrying all that heavy weight
I wonder...truly ponder
on how much weight I can take

My view of the closet is not glorious
I can only breath the dirt around
which stains my crusty red surface
dirtying it...brown

The surrounding overbearing walls of concrete
tease me because I'm wide and bare
but bricks are naturally fat and naked
OOOOOOH! How they stare

The tools they scrape against me
as they drop...if I had blood I would bleed
But not once do I protest
It's always other people's needs

I am the wide bare bleeding hated bottom brick
How much torture must I endure
though I am certainly not the lowest life form!

That's the despicable peasant floor!

"IN DEFENSE OF A FLOOR"

I sit here and sit here
and I then I sit some more
people constantly stepping on me
I am the floor

"it has horrible tiles!
brown with a bits of red
and those little white specks...ugh!"
the artist said

"Horribly laid down
so bumpy, done unprofessionally!"
the custodian thought for awhile
and said, "Older the 1943!"

"Omigod! What horrible colors!
so ugly! so lame!"
the decorator scoffed
"It's out of fashion!" she exclaimed

But do you see me slightly faded
Do you see a tear trickle from my eye
No because I refuse to be insulated like that
so I reply:

"I am not bad
why without me you see
There would be only dirt beneath you
and your shoes would get dirty!

Dirt!...make fun of dirt if you must
but have nothing against this fine floor
I do what I have to do well
even if I have little allure

Sure, I may not be in style
I may be no femme fatale
but I do my job well with honor
I am better then that wall!

That wall...now that's ugly!
Why it's no more then concrete

Why people hate it so much they vandalize it
at least they keep me neat!

"Respect for a Wall"

I am a wall
I may not be colorful, nor a saint
But I am certainly not a blank canvas
for your toxic spray paint

How dare you dirty me!
Don't you know who I am at all?
I am not some lowly life brick or door
No, I am the mighty wall

I am a wall
I stand proud and true
When the weather gets hectic and dangerous
who protects you?

The Wall! you lean on me
I listen when you whisper, laugh, or yell
I know your deepest secrets, your dreams and fears
Oh! the stories I could tell!

So the next time your lonely
and that devious can of spray paint gives you a call
reply, "Sorry can! you retched toxic thing
But I have more respect for a wall!"

"Call me can"

Psst...come here kid
Let me tell ya who I am
They call me spray paint
But you can call me Can

I myself, is blue
But my friends are red, yellow, and green
Heh...some are a washy purple, orange, and pink
if ya know what I mean

But the color doesn't uh..matter
It's what we can do
We make a bland wall a masterpiece
and the artist...is you!

Just shake us gently
and take off our plastic tops
go ahead! spray a little at first
Just watch out for the cops

Spray a little more
any blank wall will do
me and my pals...we ain't fussy
But it can't happen without you!

That wall, has got a problem
I think we should put it in it's place
Why don;t you take me and my friends out
and spray all over it;s face

But kid...there is one thing
you should know...that should be digested
art work such as ours is slightly illegal
ya might get arrested

But be careful and you'll do fine
just watch out for a cop
and while your spray painting the wall
get some on the mop

We don't get along very well
I don;t like him, ya see
word on the street says he;s an undercover cop
out to get me!

"Tops Mop"

There are many mops in this world
Almost everyone has a mop
But I am the best
I am tops

Tops Mops, is what they call me
I'm in charge of keeping things neat
I clean the walls, doors, bricks,
desks, and the wooden seats

Now, I know can has talked to you
and has sent you to get me out of greed
You see Mops make more money then cans do
He's a real bad seed

He;s gotten people in trouble
sent them to the jail
The only place I might send you
Is to the corner to get my pail

This is where we all live
In the closet of custodial arts
The brick, door, floor, wall, and myself
where we end and start

We have little space
and we are forced to live together
but we all keep fighting
and it doesn't look like it's getting any better

The door hates the brick
the brick hates the floor
the floor hates the wall
need I say more?

The wall hates the can
the can hates me
The ignorance is so thick
you can no longer see

I'll stop wasting your time
complaining about the tension and dust deposits
but this is what we all go through
in the Janitor's Closet

(THIS CONCLUDES THE JANITOR'S CLOSET:THE POETIC EPIC)

DARE I CALL IT LOVE?

Something unexpected
Something unplanned
only to be faded come fall
like the summer's tan

Something small or so it seemed
to keep me occupied
expecting a crumb of the crust at the most
but ending up with the whole pie

And to say goodbye...
would be easy as the river flows
but now the thought of valedictions
makes me yearn and well....indisposed

and dare I call it love?
I dare not for that is an unknown plane
for who knows what lice and such lurk
behind the beauty of the lion's mane

and dare I call it love?
I dare not for that is an unfamiliar league
a simple bud of lighthearted infatuation
thus stemmed passionate intrigue

IDOL THOUGHTS

Dear Virgin Mary
Virgin Mary so demure
if Mary is not a virgin
is she still holy and pure?

Jesus Christ!
a man without a vice
If Jesus Christ is crossless
is he still sacrificed?

Buddha, golden Buddha
A man of many a meal
If he is not doused in gluttony
is he not lucky to feel.

CUP O' L'S

How great to watch the cup o' l's
couple of pickles
cup of tickles
like little children, innocent and fresh

They make a great team
Cup of tea? mmmmmmm....
No, only the juices of love
douse their pallet

They make a great pair
just pierre
whose pierre? who cares?
He is hardly the matter at hand

Their Cup of L's
are spilling over
note: L stands for love
no matter what pierre tells you!

THE NIGHT I FELL IN LOVE WITH KODO

As the man in a thong
smashes his stick against
the large, ominous and angry
drum....

and while my hands, sweaty
cover my mouth
as tears stream from my eyes
in an undescrivable utopia

and as the drum beat
vibrates through my body
pulsating every muscle and bone
every pore and eyelash
every tearduct, and lock of hair
every impulse and reaction
every hormone, and every emotion
whirlpooled into one
single
moment
in time
that has passed
but is not forgotten

THE NIGHT I FELL IN LOVE WITH KODO PART II

Although it was insisted upon
that I was laughing
as my body pulsated
as if in comedic compulsions

As the tears trickle down
my face, and my cheeks flushed and warm
as I am short of breath
and my stomach muscles crunch

I was laughing?
How dare you suggest such a thing
for if you knew me well enough
you would know I was....

euphoria!
love!
awe!
inspiration!
sadness!
anger!
destruction!
creation!
hate!
raw sexual energy!
beauty!
in one fleeting moment

If you knew me
you would see the intense passion I felt
as the music boomed and thundered throughout
the music hall

To describe it
is impossible
to love it
is an understatement
to feel it
is human

To laugh it
is ignorant
and ignorant

I am not!

Although it was insisted upon
as I released stifled and repressed sounds
in the pool of emotions so fervent and alive
there was not a single droplet of laughter that night

THE NIGHT I FELL IN LOVE WITH KODO PART III

and as my body feels weak
exhausted, as my muscles feel used
and heavy, as my eyelids lower
gently

as the blissful pleasure of the music
is toned down, and my arms ache from applauding musical
prodigy, and I am left with a feeling of utter
contentment and satisfaction

I know I shall dream dreams
as I write my last words for the night
rest my head upon the celestial pillow
and slowly drift asleep

CANADIAN MOON

Wait for me my relished red haired companion
for I soon shall be there
dancing with you barefoot
in a sky of canadian air

Clear sparkling waters
the passion of nature going wild
a picture-perfect painting
mile after mile

Blossoming blossoms
on branches of bark
starlight reflecting upon the waters
that guide you through the dark

fervent and ripe countryside
seems to go on forever
where all troubles and burdens
one can sever

The soft breezes caressing my head
protecting my body delicate and nude
whispering promising news so joyous
of problems soon to elude

Wait for me my aries friend
for I shall arrive soon
for then we shall be travelling as one
under the Canadian Moon

THIS BIRD OF MINE

I, like a injured bird
you a bird with a healing feather
and as you take me under your wing
never shall I feel unfettered

You, like a caged bird
I, a bird with the key
as we soar the captivating skies
and I gaze into your eyes
I feel uninhabited

free to speak my mind
free to aspire
free to feel the warmth
free to desire

Free to trust
free to feel
free to face the day
with fervent zeal

Free to think
free to divulge
free to feel not guilty
when I indulge

in your affection
free to caress
free to love
and not possess

Like a sweet sun shower
you are a resplendent sign
yes, perspicacity divines good times ahead
with this bird of mind

ROSES

Long stem roses in a plastic vase
a cut off 2 liter with
a ratted red ribbon
for decoration

blooming and booming
red...screaming vitality
screaming life
the sweet celebration of life

The scent invades my senses
every time I enter the room
reminding me of who sent them
why they were sent
how and where

I nurture the roses
for they are more than mere flowers
but a symbol of two distant lovers
to be united...soon

He, riding long hours
to see me...five more days
till love time, till passion
till sweet romance

but until then the scent
the color, the blooming and booming
colors that seem to say so much

Travelling the greyhound
from another country
another country into my arms

Distant lover says he's coming soon
symbolic of us they bloom
cherished and relished are
those roses given to me...

THE LIST

One time
not to long ago
I made a list
of what
I want
in a man
in a lover
in a friend

I wrote every whim
and fancy
every nook and cranny
telling myself
I am foolish
for what I described was
the perfect man
the perfect friend
the perfect lover
which did not exist

Well there are debatable cliches
about perfection,
but most can agree
it is
unattainable

But then I met you
and you became my friend

But then I got to know you
as I saw you as a man

But then I got to touch you
and I saw you as a lover

and realized that you
are everything on my list
every whim and fancy
nook and cranny

So I asked myself
does that make you perfection?
but then I just laughed and replied

No, that just makes my goal
attainable

QUESTION MARK

The magnetic passion that pulls us together
is tearing me apart
our relationship like raw dough
unseasoned
unmolded
unlimited possibilities?
like putty in our hands

each of us wanting to mold it
into our own ideal
you, a golden cake made to be eaten overtime
I, a golden batch of cookies
made to be eaten on the go
take it slow
take it slow
I told myself
but it's too late
stuck to the pan like old pork grease
wanting to free myself
and at the same time wanting to stay

raw dough
sweltering in the heat
of a cold oven
how can it be?
This unexplainable thing
this mysterious force
more innocent and powerful than lust
yet weaker than....

so cryptic like the misty black lagoon
attractive and mysterious to the eye
yet, so dangerous to the diver
diving deeper and deeper
into the blinding black abyss
while the mind says stop
something draws him closer
and he can't explain it to himself
nor can he explain it to others
no, he can't explain
it at all

Scars may come

scars may go
but forever branded
am I by the question mark

PARTINGS

Long fingered phallic symbols
sticky, screaming and smelling of pop-tarts
strangles the unfeathered pen

Peach-pitted cryptic eyes
peer, screaming and smelling of the
foul lasting stench of frustration
travel down a river of tears

Glancing at a photograph
wondering why it is so hard
to get over a man
that was so bad

His fingers danced
across my body
like pearls sliding
down a sheet of white silk

I told him my intimate thoughts
I, the bee, sharing my honey
he, a snake, sharing his venom
my tongue absorbing every last drop

and so, if this venomous snake
has bit me, poisoning my heart
with despair and loneliness
then why
then why is it so hard
for me to leave
the memories
left
far far behind

DO YOU MIND?

To read, your mind
would that enable me to brainwash?
to manipulate and destroy
like individuality
that is
sacrificed to the sake of
conformity
for the educational ideal

If I could read your mind
I could gain insight, no doubt
learn your true feelings
never to second guess or assume again
I would indeed gain insight
However, there is that risk that I would
discover thoughts
that I would not want to know

And I very well couldn't tell people
about my secret powers
half would think I was insane
the other half would exploit me
which is the same
isn't it?

I am sure
you would be angered by me
invading your privacy and all
I, hearing your every thought as you think it
never to misunderstand you again!
Though I would hate feeling like a spy
then I would feel guilty
for it is
none of my business
after all, what gives me the right?
who am I to invade your mind?
But by then it would be too late to stop it
and then?
and then?

Maybe if I could read your mind
I could turn it off like a switch
only reading when I wish to

like a book at my disposal
or better yet
you could tell me how
you feel once and awhile
but reality calls and reminds me of the truth
If I could
only read your mind
and if you could only
read mine
as well.

NO MORE NO LESS THEN TIME

Speechless,
my fingers are numb
and unwilling to type
profound thoughts
Just as well really I am
thoughtless, not in character mind you
but the actual literal meaning
with out thoughts
unless you count the thoughts
spent on thinking
and in that case I am surely
rich.

Thinking about thinking
about thoughts unthought of
or making their debut
once more
in my mind.

Babbling on and on
nothing really potent to say
but that I am bored
frustrated and hoping
that time will bring prosperous
events.

So now I suppose I shall
wait till 7:45
when my napping friend
awakens
and the silence is broken
Then I shall surely have
new thoughts to think about
But until then I am left
with thinking about thinking
about thinking about thinking and...
no more no less but time

WHICH AVENUE TO YOUR NEW ECLIPSE?

Traces of your fragrance still lie
embedded in the threads of your fabric that
drapes over my body
so warm

Salivation! My salvation!
your salty juices, your metallic tongue
dancing freely around the perimeter of
the oral arena

Smoothing over imperfections of
the white tiles of my mouth

A soft purr....come closer
my most
beau-ti-ful
cat
let me listen
to the
beat
beat
beat
of your heart

Stroke your silken mane so long and majestic
like harvested fields stretching over the horizons
revealing the purpled sunset

Hover over me, like a canopy
keeping me safe from the storm
rest your head upon my bosom
and know
that I shall miss you

WALKING THE LONG DISTANCE TIGHT ROPE

Longing, for the simpler days
when little distance separated us
when I had to travel...
what?
a mere 10 minutes
if that
till I was in
your arms

I have come to a point
in my life
where I am learning
express my emotions
For they are often better mailed
then left unsent

After all
one less wall
could only do me
good

So, here we go
you are the one in my life
that gives me pleasure and happiness
I often think it a dream

and even though the road between us
is hard and long
I know it is only tar and distance

I feel as if I have been blessed
there are no deceiving masks
you are what you seem

I know it is
only time before
we are united again

memories of us laughing together
listening to music
of the bands
and our own music
heavenly harmonious and in sync

I've found myself a job, love
which leaves me little time
But sure as there are cliché love songs
we are
a train
a bus
a ride away
know that I shall soon
ride away
with you

MEMORIES IN A POCKET

Each day sandwiched
between a pocket
a watch,
and some change
is a photo.
Light shimmering on glasses
in which one can see
a smile so genuine
not posed or artificial
true to self
true to me
Thick strands of metal
intertwined wrapped around a neck
favored blackened apparel
with the sleeves cut off
arms bare
shadowed like a penciled drawing
Cheap camera!
pitch black background in the middle of the day
except for the floral patterned
pillowcase
where a head was rested
I still smell the scent
which we shared

a fine monday afternoon
Day after your graduation
I was deathly ill
or at least felt so
held my hand
held my head
held my heart
telling me jokes
funny antidotes
to make me laugh
Now I have a picture (a memory)
or two
of you
that I carry with me
and shall do so
until we meet again
When
bodies ache
from working a long day
I reach in my pocket and find
that this one single photograph
of my love helps me keep
my piece of mind
our piece of the pie
Yes! soon we shall have our cake in abundance
and bathe
in it too!

FAITHFULLY

After you gave me
your necklace
time, affection, conversation, passion
it doesn't seem logical
for things to change
but then again, love
we were never ones for logic
Faithfully
weighing pros and cons in my head
plucking petals of flowers
he still cares, he still cares not
never really finding the answer
please tell me
for the garden is becoming barren
Faithfully
I am insecure
I am weary of trusting
I am afraid of being hurt
I am afraid of being alone, (I am afraid)
faithfully...
a letter
a sentence or a novel
ink or lead
and when you lick the envelope
have caution
a paper cut on the tongue
can sting
faithfully
I care for you
not knowing
where you are
how you are
and what's happening in your life
am I still apart of it?
faithfully?
Is it too much to ask for
an answer to that question
You'll probably never see this poem
and all the while
how I long to call you
but the ball is in your court , (or so they tell me)
as if it was tennis match
a mere game
we both know

it is far more complex
Faithfully
roaming the halls of limbo
searching for the red exit sign
which seems no where in sight
I often wonder if I am too intense
perhaps for my own good
giving you the benefit of the doubt
I remain yours, confused,
faithfully

FINAL FAREWELL TO AN UNFORGETTABLE LOVE AFFAIR?

Happy birthday to me!
Happy birthday to me!
and so nice of you to
acknowledge my existence

Sent you my thoughts
asking for a letter back
How foolish of me to assume
that lovers write each other
and well...keep in touch

Now it seems like
everything we have done together
means nothing

and every moment
and memory that I treasured
you have thrown away

Am I bitter?
Not as much as I am confused
I don't know what went wrong
nor what point you changed your mind
nor how can I see
when you've left me in the dark

One thing I do know
if that you are not what I thought you were
or how you acted to be
I always did give more credit than due

That as much as I care
and pity you
I know it is best
to say goodbye

For if you can not
take the simple time
to wish me a happy birthday
then what next?

My guess
is you've stopped caring

and hope that if you ignore me
I shall eventually get the hint

Maybe wrong, I may be right
But it hurts too much to wait around
and let you
hurt me again
Maybe someday we'll be friends
But for now this the end
The final farewell to an unforgettable love affair?

INDEPENDENCE DAY

You fertilize the lawns
and have fertilized my life
with nothing but excrement

for awhile I was like
an insect trapped in your web
through all my sentiments

Now I am through
getting over you
and I am ready
to get on
with my life

Sweet independence
came suddenly
after a storm of tears
it came to me

I don't love you
I don;t need you
I don't want you
no more

So goodbye to the heartache
the confusion that;s swelled
goodbye to the mannish heaven
that turned out to be hell

and hello to new times
and all it has to give
for your looking at a woman
who is ready to live.

THE CAT'S HOMECOMING

Spoon-fed insecurities
courtesy of family
that of course, mean well
can often
end up
in more misery
then one deserves

In the midst of a forest
burdened and doused
with
ill advice
was a little voice
a guide, telling me
to keep my faith
to follow my instincts
to follow my heart
but insecurities were louder
and I was in doubt
I was in sadness
yet in wonder
for that little voice
that guide
still spoke in the back of my mind
like a small minority
with a loudspeaker
it's voiced muffled
but still heard
faintly
in the distance

But thenA phone call...
A beau-ti-ful phone call
making me dumbfounded
speechless, and then...
and then....
and then filled me with such great adrenalin and ecstasy
beyond my wildest
fantasies and wishes and dreams...
and renewed my faith
that never completely died
yes, renewed my faith
in you

Welcome home
my most
beau-ti-ful
cat
Yes, welcome home
even though
you never
left

A TOAST TO PICKLES AND RAINSTORMS

Tonight love, I am thirsty
though it really is no wonder
I've only eaten a thousand pickles (kosher at that)
single droplets of water? will not do!
yet gallons upon gallons
and jugs and jugs
and gulps of fine juices
will only make me sick
This is moderation
in my drinking
in my life
with you

Tonight love, I'm sweaty
though it's really no wonder
It's only a hot summer night
and I am wearing wool
yet going nude
in a roaring blazing hurricane
would only chill me to the bone
will only make me sick
This is moderation
in my rainstorms
in my life
with you

And they say moderation
is the key to contentment
but where is the door
and can I pick the lock?
is it all beneath the floor?
or perhaps it is the spring
of love, of a clock, of a life
of time spent
and time for spending
spending
not money
but youth
a time for growing, learning, experiencing
spending time
with you....
with you?
with you love,
typical moderation is not possible
yet somehow

I remain content
So a drink
a wool sweater
and a toast (with strawberry preserves)
to pickles and rainstorms
and to a crazy life
with you

WEO-NEO-REALISM

Today was like an anxiety dream
unbelievably, regrettably....real
But, unlike a dream
it was something I could not escape nor elude
I noticed today that in the winter, Beer
commercials lead you to dream of summer
and all the warm rays
but when summer comes around
it makes you dream of
winter days!
Calgon take me away!
Is there anything we want to do
besides escaping?
I often wonder...
Weo-neo-realism, let us gloat in our relationship
Lets burn the magazines and get fat and ugly
and be deviant to societies norm
let's get complacent
like married people often do
is it all so bad
to avoid the fad
and there's people over here
and people over there
telling me what to think
why
how and when
but I have a pen
and I think differently
Therefore, I am bad, I am so very bad
and I keep flashing back
to embarrassing moments in my pubescent years
Come over and hold me
and let me play the role
of the needing, yearning, and burning female
that is up in flames
up in smoke
like the ashes of a pseudo Joan of Arc!
stare at me
and smile as you do
for we are to smart for our own good?
we know we can not elude reality
for it will only kick us in the ass
as time catches up with us

and it will, it will
will they talk about us? yes
people will always talk
if it is good or bad? that is the question.
We have a few questions of our own
but like politicians in denial, they won't answer them
Frankly, scarlet, they don't give a damn!
Let us hum the praises of our relationship to ourselves
for we are not one to impose our ways on others
Let them call us weird when they are frightened and don't agree
and for we shall reply with a thank you and... a smile.